



VOL. II.

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BALLADE—MAY.

The loveliness this season brings,
All beauty that we daily see,
The foliage of blooming Spring,
With nature all in harmony,
The woods alive with warbling glee,
All these surroundings bright and gay
Prefigure our eternity,
Our endless life in Heaven's May.

O sweetest month at Mary's shrine,
Where nature's choicest flowers grace
Her altar fair, who can define
The joy of that enchanting place?
My weary soul, oh! well you wait
At Mary's shrine to hear her say:
"Take hope, my child, I am the Gate
To endless life in Heaven's May."

Ah! as that gentle strain is heard,
Inviting me to live in hope,
Methinks I see the heavens stirred
And Paradise's portal ope,
Presenting to my dazzled sight
A view I never can portray,
That holy, happy, grand delight,
An endless life in Heaven's May.

ENVOY.

While near thy shrine, O Mother dear,
I long to hear thee gently say:
"My child's reward for virtue here
Is endless life in Heaven's May."

JAMES B. FITZPATRICK.

LETTER FROM THE RECTOR.

Rome, Italy,
April 4, 1896.

My Dear Columbians:

At last I am able to find time enough to let you know that we arrived safe in the Eternal City and that we are still among the living.

Since my last communication dated at Basel, March 29, we have witnessed such a variety of scenes and places of interest that I am really at a loss as to what I should select as a subject for this letter.

Last Sunday afternoon we paid a short visit to the renowned monastery and pilgrimage Maria Stein in the Canton of Solothurn, Switzerland. It is located on a mountain of the Jura system only 13 Kilometers (about 7 miles) from Basel and within a few Kilometers of both France and Alsace. Its origin dates back to the 15th century.

The country through which we passed is very romantic and studded with small villages.

Our train meandered through most beautiful valleys and brought us to the small village Fluen, the place where Nicholas of the Flue once dwelt. From that point we had to ascend the mountain on foot. Apart from the magnificent and highly picturesque sceneries which greeted our eyes on every side, the place had a special attraction for us as it was for many years the home of our Venerable Founder, the Very Rev. F. Salesius Brunner. A kind reception was accorded us by the Benedictine Fathers. We attended divine service and listened to a dogmatic sermon on the Divinity of Christ, preached by the Prior.

The abbey and church are built on a bluff, about 180 ft. high. After divine ser-

vice we descended to the Grotto, a chapel in honor of the Sorrowful Mother. A stairway of 54 steps, cut through the solid rock, leads from the church down to this sacred spot.

Maria Stein, like so many churches and monasteries, has fallen a prey to the greed of the government, it was confiscated in 1878. The few monks that are tolerated in this place to administer to the spiritual wants of the faithful are confined to a small part of the building, whilst the greatest portion thereof is occupied by lay people.

On Monday morning 7:35 A. M. we took leave of the old city, Basel, and continued our way to the Eternal City. The journey over the Alps was one never to be forgotten. Words are not adequate to describe the grandeur of the Swiss Alps. Works of art, beautiful paintings, exquisite pieces of architecture and sculpture, may excite the admiration of the spectator; but these mountain sceneries with their white crested peaks, their deep ravines, their beautiful lakes and fertile valleys, show the handiwork of the Almighty and inspire the traveler with a holy awe. From about 9:00 A. M. until 5:00 P. M. we sped through valleys and over mountains gazing on continual new revelations of grandeur and magnificence.

Among other famous places we passed, are the peaks: Rigi, Pilatus, Ruetli etc., the full length of the Zuger Sea, of the Vierwaldstaetter See, where William Tell is said to have despatched the tyrant Gessler, of the Lago Maggiore where we noticed the castle of the Borromeos etc. etc.

As we approached the St. Gotthard's tunnel, the longest tunnel in the world, the incline was very steep. At three dif-

ferent points we passed the same place three times, each successive time on a higher elevation. Instead of running around the mountain here, they constructed socalled turning tunnels. These are large semicircular tunnels which enter the mountain on a lower plane, then turn in a spiral semicircle and lead out of the mountain far above the place where they entered before.

At a station called Goeschenen we had reached the highest point and made a short stop for dinner 1.40 P. M., after which we passed through the St. Gotthard. It took us just 17 minutes on a fast train until we saw the light of day again after we had entered. This is the longest tunnel but not the only one; we must have passed through no less than 30 or 40 tunnels of a quarter of a mile or more in length. At Bellizona we changed trains for Luino the first stop on Italian territory.

About midnight we changed trains again for the last time at Genoa and tried to make the best of the miserable accomodation of a European train for a night's rest. It was 10.30 A. M. on Tuesday when we entered Rome. Father Joseph Schaeper, C. PP. S. took charge of us and our baggage at the station and conducted us to our present home pro tem. Our carriage stopped in Via Poli, No. 1. The house was once a hospital and was built by the famous general Belisarius. Connected with it is a Chapel, St. Maria in Trivis occupying the first floor of the south-east corner.

While I am writing these lines, I am located in a little room over the Chapel. Directly before me I see the Fontanadi Trevi and hear the roaring of the water. Among the numerous and large fountains in the city, this is considered to be the most beautiful.

By going north about three squares we find the Propaganda; two squares east of

this place is the Quirinal which was once the summer residence of the Popes and is now occupied by the king when he stays at Rome; the American College is within two squares south, whilst two squares west of us is the much frequented Piazza Colonna. To perpetuate the memory of the victory gained over the Marcomanni by Marcus Aurelius, the emperor erected in the middle of this Piazza a column about about 100 ft. high with Jupiter Pluvius at the base.

After a person has taken in Paris with its beautiful streets and magnificent palaces, modern structures in the city of Rome offer little attraction to the visitor, more so since Rome is *par excellence* a historical city. Every street, in fact, every spot in the city has a history of its own, so that in order to see Rome properly a year's time would be too short. Even upon turning into any narrow and crooked street which at first sight may appear inferior to a so-called alley in an American city, you will find it ever the same. Here some relics dating back to ancient Rome, then colossal monuments with historical inscriptions, bearing the name and coat of arms of some illustrious Pontiff of antiquity, again almost numberless marble statues, the work of the greatest geniuses of over twenty centuries, looking down from the facades of churches and public buildings.

Father Joseph Schaeper, C. PP. S., who has resided here for nine years, is our faithful guide and it is through his courtesy and thorough knowledge of every place in the city, that we are able to see and learn more in one day than we could otherwise in a week.

I shall not attempt to give a description of all the sights we took in, but shall content myself with giving a few data concerning *St. Peter's church*, the grandest and loftiest monument of Christianity;

and of the *Colosseum*, that enormous pile of architecture left by Imperial Rome.

Our first ramble on Tuesday afternoon was quite naturally a visit "ad limina Sti. Petri." A whole book might be written on this temple of the Most High. When seen from a little distance it does not make the impression of being something extraordinary; it is only when you approach it that you realize its enormous dimensions. In front of it is a semi-circular portico with three covered passages under one roof sustained by 284 columns and 88 buttresses. 162 huge statues of saints surmount the roof. The colonnade at the World's Fair at Chicago was a slight imitation of it. In the center of this piazza stands an Egyptian obelisk, brought to Rome by Caligula, and afterwards placed in the garden of Nero. (It must be remembered that it was here and in the adjacent gardens that Nero vented his spleen against the Christians by burning them to death.)

Ascending three successive flights of marble steps 379 feet wide we enter the vestibule which is 468 feet wide with a depth of 50 feet. This leads us to the interior of the stupendous work of art and human ingenuity. Compared with this edifice the Dome of Cologne is a small temple covering only one third its area.

The interior of the church consists of three naves each 613 feet long. From the floor to the ceiling it is 142 feet. The principal altar is in the middle nave under an imposing baldachin 95 feet high. Under this altar is the grave of St. Peter, called the Confessio Sti. Petri. 89 gilded lamps of highly artistic workmanship are burning here day and night. Over the whole rises the majestic dome carried by four gigantic pillars. It is almost impossible to conceive how it was ever possible to construct a work of such magnitude and at the same time so harmonious and sym-

metrical in every way. Remember the circumference of each one of the four pillars is 253 feet. If only two of them were placed in most of our churches in America little room would be left for the worshippers.

The expanse of the dome overhead, with an exterior circumference of 630 feet resting on these pillars, is over 400 feet high.

Space does not permit to enter into details regarding the interior embellishment, in which the greatest artists of the world are immortalized; such as Michal Angelo, Domenichino, Mancini and a host of others. In fact it must be seen to be realized.

The decoration is unique. All the immense pictures but one are in Mosaic (set stones of the colors required,) and so well executed that they appear like paintings. It is only by approaching them or with the use of a powerful opera glass, that a person discovers the Mosaic.

Having glanced at the greatest monument of Christian faith, let us now wend our way to the greatest ruin of Imperial Rome, it is the Colosseum.

On our way to the Basilica Stae. Mariae Maggiore we spent an hour ascending the ruin and walking through the different apartments. Passing through the arches of Titus near by, built A. D., 81 and that of Constantine erected to commemorate the latter's victory over Maxentius A. D. 312, the Via Sacra leads the visitor to the Colosseum. This building covers six acres and was raised by the captive Jews in 72-79 A. D. The walls and masonry of the north half are fairly well preserved. The whole has an elliptic form, its longest diameter being 615 feet with a width of 510 feet. The outer elevation consists of four stories, in all 160 feet high. Almost numberless piers and pilasters support the structure. It was capable to hold 100,000

spectators. In the middle is the large arena where the gladiators were compelled to fight and kill each other, and where thousands of Christians were devoured by wild animals, all for the amusement and delectation of the brutal Romans.

We stood and mused over the many inhuman and horrible deeds that were perpetrated in this place where the ground was literally drenched by the blood of heroic martyrs. All readers of history know that there was a time when a festive celebration in pagan Rome was considered incomplete unless human blood was shed and flowed in streams.

We turned away from this place of horror and hastened to the top of the Esquiline Hill to witness the ceremonies of the Tenebrae in the Church of Stae. Mariae Maggiore and pray before the holy crib in which the Infant Saviour rested after his birth in the stable of Bethlehem.

The music was grand, notably the Benedictus and the Miserere at the conclusion.

We attended the Tenebrae again on Thursday at St. Peter's and on Friday at St. John of the Lateran. The ceremonies

and the music were much the same as at St. Maria Maggiore. This afternoon we visited St. Paul *extra moenia* and the adjoining Monastery of the Benedictines where we entered the cell once occupied by Pope Pius VII. when he was yet a professor in the Institution.

So far we have been in 22 churches and prayed before numberless shrines and reliques of the saints. One of these churches above all others is worthy of particular mention, not because it excels others in size or beauty, but on account of the fact that it invites pious meditations and reflections and inspires devotion; it is the church of St. Praxedis. It contains the sepulchers of 2,000 martyrs and in it is shown the pillar at which our Savior was scourged at the command of Pontius Pilate.

May this suffice for today. Hoping that you all have enjoyed a happy Easter when these lines reach you and that they may find you hard at work, I am

Yours devotedly,
AUGUST SEIFERT, C. PP. S.

STRAY THOUGHTS BEFORE MAY DAY.

Seated at my desk among my books and watching the sunbeams sporting royally through the window, my mind was not concentrated on the studies and tasks that I was to perform, not even on the story I was to write for my English literature class. With great delight I looked from the study hall window into the very heart of spring. The charm of novelty lingered like dew upon the fresh green of the grass and the trees, with their waving crests of fringed and feathery tufts unfurling into May-leaves.

Observing the beautiful landscape and following different trains of thought, my mind began to wander, evoking a dreamy mood in harmony with youthful reveries. I sat for some time admiring the crimson tints with which the setting sun dyed the horizon, the ruddy sunset glow reminded me that the morrow's rising sun will usher in the first morn of the flowery month whose days we dedicate to our Immaculate Mother.

To dispel the dreamy mood into which I had fallen I picked up an English Liter-

ature and on perusing its contents, the wistful thoughts of my restless mind would wander from the works of one author to another, admiring and drinking in the charming beauties and storing up precious gems of their thoughts, like the busy bees of summer, humming and hovering to and fro, flitting and mounting from flower to flower tasting their honied cups.

Among the earliest writers of the literature I espied the name of the Venerable Bede shining among all others of that period like a brilliant star in the Anglo-Saxon sky, shedding forth beams of knowledge and sanctity far and wide.

Pondering over the glorious qualifications of heart and mind of this great genius and admiring the resplendent virtues of his simple, pure, and holy life, his history became replete with fascinating interest. Suddenly, a thought came to my dizzy brain. Oh if I could only go far into the past and spend the coming May-day in the Convent of Yarrow! What an enjoyment it would be to see the Venerable Bede, the schools and pupils of old, the monasteries and monks, the guardians of the world's art and civilization! Absorbed in these thoughts and wearied with fancies, the room being just warm enough to make a person feel sleepy, my head soon rested on my hands and I suddenly seemed transported to a strange region.

Looking about me and wondering where I was, unexpectedly there appeared to me an old man whom I instantly recognized as old Father Time, standing with hour-glass in hand and gazing wonderously at me. "O Father Time," I cried, "pray impart to me the opportunity to go far back into the past and view some happy scenes traced and pictured in my mind, and behold the Venerable Bede musing or writing in his cloistered cell, or surrounded by

youths teaching them the Saxon Creed!" "To you and you alone," replied Father Time, "but only for a short period I grant the desired wishes." Thus speaking he departed.

Lo! I was left in a beautiful undulating valley. Nature's unrivaled panorama unfolded before me Northumbria of old, presenting scenes of beauty and grandeur. What a glorious sight it was! What could be more beautiful than the valley whose pastoral vistas contain the most charming pictures Nature has to exhibit in both beautiful and picturesque regions? I had to look about my feet and above my head, and everywhere within the range of vision a wealth of beauty appeared. No painting, however elaborately wrought, can be so charming as the redolent meadows, framed by the purling rivulets hurrying onward in sinuous windings over the pebbly beds, kissing the verdant banks enamelled with masses of fragrant spring flowers. The far distant beetling peaks and craggy cliff's of Northumbria's rugged mountain coast washed by the tossing billows of the foaming sea, furnished me with pictures, such as painters, ancient or modern, never drew.

Although 'tis true,

"Art is the child of Nature, yes,
Her darling child, in whom we trace
The feature of the mother's face
Her aspect and her attitude,
All her majestic loveliness
Chastened and softened and subdued
Into a more attractive grace,
And with a human sense imbued."

I stood spellbound as I gazed about me and when my eyes had feasted on all the beauties of Nature I strolled on, gathering the meek anemones, the crocus and narcissus with their golden corallas, the spring beauties and amethyst-tinted hypaticas, which decked the meadows in profusion,

till softly from a distant belfry was intoned the sweet Ave Maria.

I listened with emotion to the sounds which reached my ear irregularly and as the last notes died away faintly like a farewell, I yearned to see the place whence the sweet message came. My eyes now espied a splendid tower visible far in the distance, tapering away into the heavens, it seemed to float in an aerial sea. I eagerly hastened onward and as I approached nearer only the tower could be seen, for the monastery is hidden from view by a grove of solemn oaks. But a sudden turn in the road reveals the entrance from the grove, where trees no longer obscure the view to an open esplanade; here the convent stands forth in glorious relief, open to every ray of sunlight, from lowest plinth to highest pinnacle.

As I was viewing the venerable structure before me, suddenly a mass of worshippers surged out of the door and wended their way in various directions proclaiming the beauties of May. When I reached the entrance the chapel had been vacated. I entered with feelings of awe. My eyes were dazzled by the resplendent and gorgeously attired altars. Around a niche above Mary's altar an oval ring of brilliant candle lights burst forth, shining like stars amid the bloom and bower of fragrance, and half hidden in the lovely flowers was enthroned that "beauteous Flower destined to delight us with its fragrance and heal us with its fruit."

The fair, sweet face of the Virgin seemed to smile tenderly upon a good monk who had remained alone in the chapel, kneeling before Our Lady's shrine. I did not venture to disturb him in his devotion and I had thus ample time to satisfy my own. When the monk left the holy spot he saluted me with loving words and a hearty welcome. Seeing that I was a

stranger he soon undertook to acquaint me with the place, at the same time entertaining me with interweaving reminiscences of his own boyhood days when he came to the monastery to be admitted as a pupil.

His dearest charge was to deck the altar of his tender Mother, and his proudest title was that of child of Mary.

With the other students he sang the offices of the church, worked in the garden and fields with the monks, and gave his share in performing the household duties; but his heart was really bound up in books and studies, and he found true pleasure in them.

My companion had now conducted me to a wide arched opening where he kindly invited me to come into the "scriptorium" where he kept his books, and where copies of the Bible, books of prayer, legends of saints, also the Greek and Latin classics, books of poetry, history, and romance were transcribed.

On entering the "scriptorium," I saw the monks seated at their desks, bending over their work with loving care. The silence was broken only by an occasional foot fall in the corridors outside and the sombre colors of the monastic habits were brightened by the white tunics and fresh young faces of the pupils.

The works that the good monk showed me on theology, philosophy and all kinds of sciences, his homilies and comments on the Scriptures, and his "Ecclesiastical History," indicated that he was acquainted with the wisdom of all ages.

It was in his history that he read to me the story of the life of the "Anglo-Saxon Milton," the poet taught and inspired by God, and it is perhaps due to this book that the old poet was not utterly forgotten; for the good monk enshrined Caedmon's songs in the pages of his history as carefully and lovingly as one picks the first spring flower, and thus the first note of

English poetry comes to us still as clear and sweet as when Caedmond sung it in the aisles of Whitby chapel.

Presently the good monk was surrounded by his pupils, who gave him a love far beyond the common affection and cherished in their young hearts the same eager hope that once filled his own breast, when, as a novice, he looked upon those treasured volumes and sighed for the wisdom that lay between their jeweled covers.

Seated now at his work, the old monk, with the angelic expression of his limpid blue eyes, their glance so tender and compassionate, the nimbus of his flowing white hair and the pose of his head drooping gently on his breast, from habit of adoration, looked very much enfeebled, and as the work proceeded, he called his assistants to him and bade them to write quickly. Thus as the day wore on his strength failed him so rapidly that his helpers feared the task too great for him, and one of them said, "Most dear master, there is one chapter left, do you think it troublesome to be asked more questions?" The good monk answered, "There is no trouble, write on." I was charmed to enthusiasm as I listened to the brilliant dic-

tion and elevated sentiments of the monk whose genius enchanted me.

With intervals of resting the day passed, and when dusk gathered they were still at their task when the same pupil said: "There is one sentence not yet written." The monk answered, "Write it quickly." When the boy had finished, joy overcame the monk's delicate frame, his yearnings were satisfied, with quivering lips half closed and colorless, and with a heavenly smile he breathed forth the Gloria and departed. Oh, happy death! Angels must have witnessed his soul rising to heaven on that beautiful Ascension day. Some time after entering the "scriptorium" I saw an angel bending over a brother who had fallen asleep while writing the dead monk's Epitaph and supply the missing words, "The Venerable Bede."

By this I found that the monk with whom I spent so many happy hours was no other than the Venerable Bede, whose name I—but here the familiar ringing of the hour bell sounded and reminded me to prepare for my Latin class, and to hearken to the echo of Cicero's eloquence; but I was loathe to exchange the Convent of Yarrow for the Roman forum.

I. F. ZIRCHER.

IVANHOE.

Most books have been written for a certain class of readers or for a certain purpose; and their authors are usually satisfied if their efforts are successful and find favor in the limited circle for which they seem to have been intended. Among the few books which have the distinction of being above this class, may safely be placed the Waverly Novels by Scott; and were we to single from among these the

one most worthy of such an honor, Ivanhoe would certainly be selected. It requires little reflection to perceive this; indeed anyone who has read the story in his youth and then again in his more mature years, can perceive it almost without reflection. A boy would without hesitation claim it as his own; for where could there be found anything dearer to his heart than the tales of chivalry and knight-

errantry told with all the fascinating power of the "Wizard of the North"? The student and the historian would be equally positive that it was intended for their special needs; while the reader who from our inability to place under any special class, has wisely been termed "general," would also find in it pleasure and instruction.

Ivanhoe is a tale of the twelfth century, and may be called historical in so far that it is such in point of its chronology, its pictures of the conditions and customs of the times, and in many of its characters; though most of the latter are, like the plot, largely the product of the author's own mind. The scene is laid during the latter part of the reign of Richard the Lion-hearted "when four generations after the memorable battle of Hastings had not sufficed to blend the hostile blood of the Normans and Anglo-Saxons, or to unite by common language two hostile nations, one of which still felt the elevation of triumph, while the other groaned under all the consequences of defeat"

Such an epoch as this, afforded every advantage for a lofty and attractive theme, and Scott acquitted himself of the task in a manner that could be done only by one possessed of the extensive knowledge and versatility of genius that are known to have been his. The novel is, in fact, a complete exposition of the times. All orders and conditions are represented—the court with its host of Norman followers; the proud though conquered Saxon Thanes and their numerous dependants; the outlaws of the forest, who, under their gallant leader, Robin Hood, have long been famous in English legend and song; knights and Templars from the Holy Land; yeomanry from the field; and finally, though less truly representatives of their calling, monks, abbots and other dignitar-

ies of the Church. To most readers—the class desiring only to be amused—the prevailing spirit of chivalry will be the greatest charm of the book. They will grow interested and enthusiastic over the fortunes of the Disinherited Knight, his success in the lists of Ashby and his readiness to champion the cause of the defenseless: qualities that make him well worthy of his father's forgiveness and of the hand of Rowena, despite the seeming wrong of his allegiance to the Norman king. Next to their love for him, will be their regard for the mysterious Black Knight who always appears at such critical points, while even the courage and strength of the gigantic Front de-Boeuf command respect, despite the evil purposes to which they are so often given. Cedric "the noble Saxon" is also sure to prove a favorite, and to gain many friends to his dying cause; and the persecuted Rebecca, one of the noblest characters of the story, and so strikingly similar to the gentle Ruth of the Old Testament, who would not admire her.

But even to the class of readers seeking relaxation alone, Ivanhoe is certain to prove instructive. Every page conveys some fact of history, and conveys it in a manner that will cause it to be remembered when the dry account of it in a textbook would make no impression whatever on the mind.

To the student of literature, however, this is but one phase of the question; there are many others of which a critical study would be equally enjoyable and perhaps more advantageous. No one who has studied the developement of our language and knows of the change produced upon it by the Norman Conquest, can fail to be delighted at the picture of that period as it is sketched here.

We see the haughty disdain of the Norman to speak the language of the country,

met with as firm a determination on the part of the Saxon chiefs to stand by the customs and the vernacular of their sires; and we are pleased to notice how spontaneously the efforts of the Franklins are seconded by their vassals and the servants of their train. Even Cedric's jester, Wamba, shows an interest, and is moved to use his wit in the good of the cause as he laughs at the idea of Gurth's Saxon *swine* becoming Norman *pork* "when carried to the Castle-hall to feast among the nobles."

Scott, as we know, has often been accused of a spirit of bigotry and narrow-mindedness towards the Church; and his representations of the monks in Ivanhoe are certainly such as would, upon first thought, lead us to this conclusion. Yet a more careful study of his writings will go far to lessen this opinion, or at least to palliate his faults. He has, it is true, said much that cannot but be distasteful to us; but by far the greatest evil has been done by the interpretations given to his words by commentators and teachers of literature who understanding neither Scott nor the Church, have given to them a meaning never intended by the author. If his ecclesiastics are often irregular and

easy of conscience, it must be said to his credit that he never makes them such as a result of the teachings or doctrines of the Church. To quote from Dr Egan, "If Scott through carelessness or ignorance misrepresented Catholic practices, he never consciously misrepresented Catholic ideas; and as a recent writer in the *Dublin Review* remarks, he showed that all that was best and heroic in the Middle Ages was the result of Catholic teaching." Indeed so much was he alive to the beauty and grandeur of Catholicism that Hutton who wrote his life says of him that "had he lived through the religious controversies of our day it is not unlikely that he would have become a Catholic." Cardinal Newman, too, declares that Sir Walter's novels "drew him towards the Church" and we hear him express a regret that they are not more widely read by the youth of our day. With such recommendations as these it is easy for us to forget whatever faults the author may have committed, and to add to our admiration for his classical style a love for the beauty of the works themselves.

WM. D. SULLIVAN.

FROM THE COAST OF THE ADRIATIC.

Rimini, Italy, May 5, 1896.

My Dear Columbians,

Having a little spare time at my disposal I hasten to send you a few lines from the coast of the Adriatic sea. We are now on our way to Schellenberg, Liechtenstein, where we propose to make our headquarters for a week or so and thence make some "frighting trips" to the surrounding countries, Switzerland, Bavaria and the Tyrol.

Since my last communication we had

ample opportunity to "take in" the City of Rome, but I shall refrain from entering into particulars for fear my letter would appear too lengthy. Suffice it to state that next to the audience we had with the Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII on the 19th day of April, some of the rarest treats enjoyed by us while at Rome were the visits to the American College, the Propaganda, and the College of the C. PP. S. at Albano. Turning into the little street Via de

Until at No 30 we find an assemblage of young men from all parts of our glorious Union. Although the American College is a very plain building, far from equalling structures of this kind in our own country, yet there is something in it that makes it most attractive to a stranger in this distant country. It is like an oasis in a desert. A person feels that he is among his own people whose sentiments are not those of a foreign country and who are able—as one of my Rev. associates puts it—to speak a civilized language. We had a long interview with the Rev. Rector, W. H. O'Connell of Boston, Mass. He was more than pleased to hear that hopes are entertained to have students at an early date hailing from St. Joseph's College.

He showed us through the entire building. It is very spacious but lacks modern improvements. In the courtyard there is a beautiful little garden with shrubberies and orange trees laden with fruit. Leaving the place we carried with us the impression that the Rev Rector is a worthy representative of the American people in the Eternal City and that American students find with him a true home.

No regular classes are taught in the American College but the students attend lectures in the Propaganda. At this place there assemble quite a variety of groups of students who have come to Rome from all parts of the world. As we desired to get an idea of the method of teaching etc. we entered the class room for Theology on Tuesday morning, April 21. Soon after the students belonging together began to enter in bodies. Those of the U S. were at once discovered by the colors "Red, White and Blue." They all wear cassocks and cinctures with a mantle over them.

We listened to a lecture by Rt. Rev. Cheechi on Moral Theology. To say it was an excellent discourse is expressing it

very mildly. When the hour was up we felt like canceling parts of our program and return again on the following day. During the next hour there was a "Disputatio" in Dogmatic Theology; you would perhaps call it a debate. A student of the Chinese Missions read a Thesis "de divinis Relationibus;" one student of the U. S. and another of South America were "objectors." When I heard the subtle disquisition, the distinctions beginning with the "realis" and ending with "distinctio rationis ratiocinantis et rationis ratiocinatae" I thought of Schouppé and the "good old times" at the Seminary.

We did not wish to leave Rome without having seen the College and Seminary C. PP. S. at Albano. Thursday being a free day we left Rome early in the morning to spend the day at Albano, the ancient Alba Longa, 30 Kilometers south-east of Rome. On our way we passed the aqueducts built by the Roman kings. It would seem that the ancient Romans had no knowledge of the fact that water will always find its level; hence, to lead a supply of water from the mountain to the city instead of laying pipes underground, they built these gigantic aqueducts of stone in the air for many miles. They look like high bridges running through the country.

Going farther south we saw to our left the old city of Tusculum where Cicero spent a part of his life. Arriving at Albano we were met at the station by all the inmates of the College. It was a grand reception. As the city lies high in the mountains and the surrounding country is exquisitely beautiful, we took a little drive through the country visiting two neighboring towns before dinner. The first place we went to is Arricia separated by a deep ravine from Albano. An immense viaduct built under Pius IX. 180 ft high spans the

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EDITORIAL.

Next issue will be the last of this volume and will be principally composed of articles contributed by members of the graduating class. As has been stated in our previous number, the commencement exercises will occur on June 16th and the COLLEGIAN will be mailed to subscribers as soon after that date as possible, consequently it will appear earlier than usual.

It has been an invariable rule of THE COLLEGIAN to admit to its columns only

contributions from the students of St. Joseph's College, but in this month's journal an exception is made in favor of the letters of our Rev. Rector, Father Augustine, addressed to the Columbians. We feel assured that our readers will appreciate these letters and thank us for their insertion.

The Staff is in receipt of an invitation from the editors of the *Purple*, inviting them to attend a proposed meeting of the editors of Catholic college journals, to be held at the Catholic Summer School some time in July or August. The proposal to effect such an assemblage is indeed praiseworthy, since a gathering of "ye eds." would prove most useful to college journalism. It is the hope of THE COLLEGIAN that the movement thus set on foot will be readily seconded by the college press and accorded the success it deserves.

On several occasions during the past year members of the Staff have had the pleasure of attending programs rendered by the "Stanislaus Literary Society," of Rensselaer. This organization is composed of members of St. Augustine's Parish, whose intellectual activity finds ample opportunity for exercise in their bi-monthly entertainments. The Society is to be congratulated on its past success, and the zealous example evinced by its members is well worthy of imitation by parishioners of other Catholic congregations where such societies could, but do not, exist. Organizations of this nature need not be confined to Colleges and Universities alone, but should also find existence and support among the people, who would soon discover that this mode of study forms one of the best schools of general education.

(Continued from page 160.)

chasm between the two towns. Arricia on the summit of a mountain occupies the site of the citadel of Arricia which lay in an extinct crater. On leaving Arricia the Appian way winds around picturesquely wooded ravines, shaded by elms. After crossing two more viaducts we reached the small town Genzano.

The ascent of the mountain on which the town is built is so steep that we were compelled to leave the carriage behind and make the rest of the trip "on foot." Arriving at the top of the hill we stood on the edge of the beautiful little lake Nemi in an extinct volcanic crater. Charming shady walks lead around the lake, which is about 3 miles in circumference.

Upon returning to the College an excellent "program was rendered" consisting of addresses and songs. The addresses were in German, Italian, French, Latin, Greek, Hebrew and Polish.

In the afternoon all turned out on an extensive walk along the shore of the Lake of Albano to Castel Gandolfo formerly the summer retreat of the Popes.

From the way the "boys" cheered the announcement of another free day which we obtained for them at our departure, it is apparent that human nature is ever the same and that the students in Italy appreciate a free day no less than our "boys" in America. By the time we were ready to leave we had worked up the enthusiasm of two Rev. Professors and a number of students to such a degree that they most earnestly entreated us to take them along with us to the grand country beyond the ocean.

On May 1 we bade our last farewell to Rome and began our journey across the mountains to the Adriatic sea. The only

city of much importance we passed was Spoleto. We did not stop, however, but went on to Foligno where we took a train to Assisi. On Saturday we celebrated Mass at the grave of St. Francis, visited the churches of St. Clara and Portiuncula and, having seen all the relics and antiquities, went on to Ancona. On Sunday morning we took a train to Loreto, where the holy house of Nazareth is kept in a large Basilica. We offered up the holy sacrifice in the Casa sancta, once the house of the holy family at Nazareth. It was our good fortune to meet there Rev. Maurice Biere, a Conventual, who spent 28 years in America. In the evening we returned to Ancona. Monday, being the feast of St. Cyriac, former Bishop and now the patron of Ancona, the day was celebrated in great style. A Cardinal and a Bishop attended high Mass in the cathedral. The vast majority of the people, however, seemed to be "celebrating" on the streets and in wine shops.

To-day we made a little excursion to the ancient city of Ravenna. Rimini and Ravenna were the two principal strongholds of the Arians in the 5th century. We visited several old churches to-day that were either built by Arians or were for a time in their possession. Among other places of antiquity we saw the groves of Kings Theodoric and Constantius, and of the great Italian poet Dante, the Mausoleum of Galla Placidia, the Baptistry of Catholics built in 404, and that of Arians of a later date.

Here at Rimini a bridge built by the emperor Tiberius, a triumphal arch of Julius Cæsar, and the place where Julius Cæsar delivered one of his great orations to his soldiers, is all that is worthy of record.

Tomorrow we shall continue our journey

to Venice, thence to Trent, Innspruck, Feldkirch and Schellenberg.

Wishing you God's blessing through the intercession of the Queen of May and

asking for a continuation of your prayers, I am,

Yours Sincerely,
Aug. Seifert C. PP. S.

MILITARY DAY.

As was announced in last month's COLLEGIAN Military Day occurred this year on Thursday, May 21. The exercises of the day began with the celebration of Military Mass in the College Chapel at 8 A. M. Rev. Raphael Schmaus, C. PP. S., Chaplain of the College Battalion, was celebrant; Rev. J. Baker of Gas City Ind., deacon; Rev. Bonaventure Sommerhauser, C. PP. S., sub-deacon; and Rev. Dominick Schunk, C. PP. S. of Wanatah, Ind., was master of ceremonies.

At two o'clock, P. M. the military exercises of the day took place on the College campus. The first on the program was the dress parade and battalion drill, Major Cogan commanding. This was followed by the competitive drill between Cos. A, and B, Capt. Jas. B. Fitzpatrick commanding Co. A, and Capt. Edw. J. Mungovan commanding Co. B. The drill was to decide to which company should belong the honor of carrying the colors during the ensuing year. At the close of the competitive drill the oration of the day was delivered by Rev. F. C. Wiechmann of Gas City Ind., and was a masterly discourse; this is the second time that Father Wiechmann has given the Military Day oration at the College and on this occasion as well as upon the former one he made a most favorable impression upon the large audience that listened to him. When Father Wiechmann had finished speaking the Boebner Columbian Guards under com-

mand of Aid-de-camp Eberle gave an exhibition drill which embraced various complicated and difficult movements executed with a precision that elicited rounds of applause from the interested spectators. The "Recollections of War" in which the B. C. G. went through the manuals, marchings and firings without commands, keeping time to the music of the band, was one of the most interesting parts of this drill.

At the close of the exercises the judges reported the result of the competitive drill. Capt. R. W. Marshall, Rensselaer, Ind.; Capt. John M. Wasson, Adj't. G. A. R. Post, Rensselaer, Ind.; and Capt. John W. Volpert Chief of Staff U. R., C. K. of A., and Captain of Volpert Zouaves, Peru, Ind., composed the board of judges. Captain Marshall read the report which was as follows:

Collegeville, Ind., May 21, 1896:
To Major Cogan:

Your judges on competitive drill beg leave to report that the grading of Company B shows 86 6-15 percent, and that the Capt. of Co. B was scored down, 27 percent of 100 for errors.

And as to Co. A the grade shows 92 1-5 percent and the Captain of Co. A scored down for errors 37 percent of 100.

R. W. Marshall
John M. Wasson
John W. Volpert.

After reading the report Captain Marshall in a neatly worded speech presented

the colors to Captain Fitzpatrick of Co. A. The Military Band under the direction of Prof. Hemmersbach furnished the music for the dress parade and between the different parts of the foregoing program, and the numerous encores given them showed how well it was appreciated by the audience:

The exercises of the day closed with the play, "The Last of the Narragansetts" given in the College Auditorium by the Columbians at 7 p. m. This play fell far below the standard of those given by the Columbians on former occasions of a similar nature. While many attribute the failure to the play itself it cannot be denied that the players showed lack of practice from beginning to end, and as if to em-

phasize the failure a few unfortunate accidents made the tragical parts ridiculous farces. But this play will not be without effect if it serves to impress upon the Columbians the necessity of vigilance in selecting and repeatedly rehearsing the plays they produce.

A very large number of the citizens of Rensselaer and of our friends from a distance witnessed the different parts of the day's program and all left feeling that they had a pleasant time and declaring that Military Day '96, was, taken all in all, a credit to the soldier boys and one that will be long and pleasantly remembered by those that were witnesses of it at St. Joseph's College.



COMMENCEMENT.

The program and arrangements for the first Annual Commencement at our College have finally been completed. The Examinations of the Senior class took place on the 13, 14, and 15 of this month, and now that the members of the graduating class are relieved from further trouble and worry on that score, they are able to devote their time to the preparations for the final exercises.

The program as outlined in the invitations embraces a three days celebration, beginning on Monday, June 15. On the evening of that day the under-graduates will present the "Merchant of Venice," as arranged by Rev. Phillip Williams, O. S. B., St. Benedict's College, Atchinson, Kan. On Tuesday, June 16, Rt. Rev. Jos. Rademacher, Bishop of Ft. Wayne, will celebrate Solemn Pontifical High Mass at 9 a. m. The baccalaureate sermon will be preached at the Mass by the Rev. J. F. Delaney,

Rector of St. Patrick's, Ft. Wayne. On the evening of the 16 will occur the graduating exercises proper. The following Class Program will be given:

Music.

Salutatory,.....John C. Wakefer.
Class History.....James J. Betsner.
Latin Address.....Joseph R. Wechter.

Music.

Class Essay.....Nicholas H. Greiwe.
Greek Address.....Christian F. Daniel.
German Address.....Joseph Abel.

Music.

Class Oration.....Thomas M. Conroy.
French Address Bartholomew F. Besinger
Music.

Class Poem.....James B. Fitzpatrick.
Valedictory.....John F. Cogan.

At the conclusion of this program the Rt. Rev. Bishop will distribute diplomas and confer the degrees, and the exercises will close by an address to the students by

the Rector.

On Wednesday morning the celebration will close by the formation of an Alumni Association.

Class Roll.

John F. Cogan.
James J. Betsner.
James B. Fitzpatrick.
Thomas M. Conroy.
Joseph R. Wechter.
Joseph Abel.
John C. Wakefer.
Anthony A. Wagner.
Christian F. Daniel.
Nicholas H. Greiwe.
Bartholomew F. Besinger.
Jerome Ueber.

Exchanges.

The May number of the *Dial* contains a poem which we admire very much; the grouping of ideas under the different headings is well done. The various selections of verse interspersing the prose matter bear the impress of productions possessing the Muses' favor. The Hoosier poet James W. Riley is the subject of a composition wherein his productions are given their meed of praise with due discrimination which betokens the ability of the essayist. While we have not hesitated to confirm the assertions and canons so ably put forth by the exchange editor in the past, we feel convinced that he has made a breach in his record by his last incursion into the realm of criticism. Reference is made to his remarks concerning the *Niagara Index*. If our view is correct the words were intended as an indulgence in satire with a blending of humor, but the respective characteristics of humor and satire have been obliterated by the combination and the result borders on the ludicrous. Criticism, however wrought upon expression, must be deftly and delicately handled, otherwise it deviates into asperity. The

tenor of the exchange column does not warrant the conclusion that the editor was intentionally so severe.

With the April number of the *Stylus*, the board of editors relinquished their respective posts of duty and the May number witnesses the inception of the new board, which is mainly composed of those who distinguished themselves in connection with the former staff. We willingly lend our *Plaudite* to the labor accomplished by the retiring members. The fact that the May issue ably sustains the standard formed previously, serves as a basis upon which to construct grand hopes for the future welfare of the *Stylus*. We observe with a feeling of pleasure that the exchange editor has been appointed editor-in-chief, as his productions certainly merit the honor. The attractiveness of the journal has not been been dwarfed, as is sometimes the case when a change is made, but the vigor and freshness which permeated former issues is still preserved. The members of the previous staff may now rest on their oars with the conviction of duty performed while the new board may find an incentive in the commendation.

Mt. St. Joseph's Collegian reproduces Maurice F. Egan's article on the stories of Father Finn. According to an editorial this is contrary to custom but we agree with the editor that the eminence of both writers and the popularity attached to their writings counterbalances the criticism to which the journal might be subjected on account of the reproduction. The simplicity in narrating a story entitled "The Prisoner's Reform" commands attention. The different departments of the paper are pleasing and original, especially the ex. column.

We read with profit and pleasure the following; *The Mountaineer*, *The Dial*, *The Abbey Student*, *St. Vincent's Journal*, *The Viatorian*, *St. Mary's Sentinel*, *Mt. St.*

Mary's Record, The Boston Pilot, The Purple, The Salve Regina St. Mary's Chimes, St. James School Journal, The Young People, The Notre Dame Scholastic, The Agnetian Monthly, The Fordham Monthly, The Month, The Ave Maria, The Catholic Universe, Rensselaer Pilot, Rensselaer Republican and others.

Reviews.

It is with pleasure that we call attention to another novel in the series that the Benzin-gers have been lately giving to the reading public. This one is a worthy companion in every way to its predecessors. It is a new, illustrated edition of *Murcella Grace*, by Rosa Mulholland. The binding and illustrations of this volumne are especially attractive, and will certainly enhance the effect of this charming story. (Price \$1.25.)

The Catholic World for June contains, among several other articles, a most timely one from the pen of Walter Lecky on The American Celt and His Critics. This article is an answer to the now somewhat famous article of Henry Childs Merwin in the *Atlantic Monthly* on "The Irish in American Life," and points out the fallacious reasoning and wrong conclusions arrived at by Merwin better than any other critic has so far done. The Church and Social Reform, by Rev. Francis W. Howard and Tennyson's Idyl of Guinevere, by P. Cameron, D. C. L. are articles that merit a careful perusal.

The Forum for May opens with an article from E. L. Godkin on "The Political Situation," The *Forum* seems to depart from its policy of former years, namely giving both sides a hearing. Thus Mr. Godkin, after disposing of all the arguments in favor of free coinage of silver to his own satisfaction, tries to show why Major McKinley is not the proper

man to receive the Republican presidential nomination. He says: "We are ready to allow any one who has looked into the published volume of Major McKinley's speeches, or has examined his record as Governor of Ohio, to compare him with any President or Presidential candidate, in our history. Any such examination will show that the party has, in its search for a suitable standard-bearer, reached a region of extraordinary intellectual poverty and moral weakness, but still a region toward which it has for many years been steadily marching." The *Forum* to be fair should give the other side "a hearing."

Locals.

Conanchet is slowly recovering from the effects of the wounds received in "The Last of the Narragansetts."

The band boys and a number of the Rev. Proffessors went to Fowler on the 14th to attend the dedication of a beautiful church. Under the leadership of Prof. Hemmersbach the College Band is gaining popularity which is attested by several St. Louis dailies that comment most favorably upon its efficiency.

Encouraged by the prosperity which attends their city, the inhabitants of Rensselaer have assumed metropolitan airs. At the spring elections a full quota of city officers were selected. The popularity of our genial friend Mr. McCoy was evinced in his selection to discharge the duties of first mayor.

Joseph, our gleeful representative from Cincinnati, was musing upon his connection with class-work, and desirous of knowing the same of others, addressed this interrogation to *das jung boy*: "How far are you fellows in Grammar?" to which *das jung boy* replied: "As far as adverbs." Joseph in surprise retorted: "Gee whiz! I did not know you add verbs."

Aeting on the better late than never principle, Company B. is resolved upon capturing the flag next year. The close score of this year's competitive drill eneourages them, and, as Capt. Marshall said, Co. A. must improve or Co. B. will wave the *bonny* flag next year.

The irresistible attractions of these bright spring days leave the bowling alleys deserted. The frequenters of the alleys, who during the winter months were wont to bowl deeptive eurves are no longer *habitués* of the alleys, having shifted the scene of their disputes and enthusiasm to the eampus.

The Monon R. R. has made a new time table, and those who formerly prided themselves on their knowledge of the arrival and departure of trains must now consult the table. For those who eontemplate responding to eommeneement invitations, it will be neecessary to arrange aeeordingly that they may not be disappointed in eonneetions.

We would advise the Victor base ball nine to deeanup to a land possessing less base ball enthusiasts, or to change its name which its record seareely justifies. It might eonside in the future were it not for the wrangling of its members. It all goes to prove that "in union there is strength," and as an example the reecord of the "Wide Awakes" stands unparalleled.

The bieyelists are jubilant over the course whieh is rapidly nearing eompletion. Approximately it will be a half mile in length and a reetangular shape. It skirts the eampus. The merry "pedallers" will enjoy immunity from the rays of the sun for half the distance as the traek runs along the edge of the woods on two sides.

Not since the days of "Porks" mishap, has such dread and eonsternation been spread among the ranks of the finny tribe of our lake

as was on Military day from the "shoek and eoncussion of the cannon's explosion." The walls of Collegeville fairly trembled and we wonder exeedingly that our little island upon which the eannon was mounted is still in existenee although the gun was not of the Krupp variety.

We had the pleasure of entertaining, probably, the youngest military commander in the country in the person of Master Willie Volpert of Peru, Ind., who is assistant eommander of the Volpert Zouaves of that eity. Willie is a bright little fellow and presented quite an attractive figure in his handsome uniform. Had we many such martial youths we need have no fear in committing "Old Glory" to the rising generation.

The choir-master and the members of the choir aecompanied the delegation to Fowler. This considerably dwarfed the expeetations for a musical program on Aseension Day. That the unexpected often happens was again exemplified in this instance. The Viee Rector, Father Benedict, presided at the organ. That the rendition of the Mass by the improvised choir was sucessful is putting it very feebly. Mr. Conroy's rotund bass voieé was in pleasing harmony with the soprano of Messrs. Cotter and Mungovan.

On a recent Sunday afternoon the peaeably inclined members of the North-side study hall were astonished to see an array of *seedy* individuals vested in garments modelled after Joseph's historie coat. Upon investigation it was discovered that their propensities inclined in the direetion of ball-playing, their antagonists to be the superannuated members of the other study hall. However the enthusiastic "rooters" were doomed to disappointment, for the sight of such ruthless twirlers spread dismay in the ranks of their adversaries, easily indueing them to withdraw from the lists convineed that victory was unattainable.

It was on the 13th that the half holiday, the scorching sun, the Crystal waters of the Iroquois, and that tired feeling all conspired to fill the hearts of many seniors as well as minims with a longing for the pleasures of an old fashioned swim. Soon a petition bearing a formidable array of names was presented to Rev. Prefect, who, needless to say was pleased to acquiesce in their request. Others taking advantage of the occasion wended their way to mossy nooks there to ponder "over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten love."

Every visitor expresses admiration on viewing the improvements that the cemetery has undergone. Instead of the former weather-beaten cross another more substantial and beautiful, greets the eye. A shrine in which there is ensconced an appropriate group, adorns the base. The irregular paths have been changed into symmetrical gravel walks. The most noteworthy change, however, is the iron fence which now replaces the wooden. It rests on a stone wall and is about five feet high and culminates, on the South-side in an artistic arch bearing the name "Mt. Calvary Cemetery."

Trapper not being able to attend to the many and onerous duties which the station of his own predilection demands, has chosen a staff of assistants. He has relegated to himself the office of "dictator." Mink and our pugilist "Queen of the West" have been promoted to the rank of "Minister of Foreign Affairs." And Scant the "Minister of Foreign Affairs" has by far the most trying position owing to the strained relations of the prefect and the organization. Thus far he has acquitted himself with honors. Viewing the matter in one of its phases, they have accomplished more than Coxey as Collegeville has well-beaten paths through the reluctant efforts of its members whose pedestrianism is an atonement for forbidden "forays" upon the game in this vicinity.

Another denizen of the forest has been acquired by the "Zoo." It was when the Goddess of Night from her ebon throne enveloped the fox's retreat, not many nights ago that he was drawn from his lair, and his hopes of ever paying a predatory visit to a henry in his vicinity were blighted, unless he divides the chain that now binds him, he will remain an attraction in the "Zoo" for an indefinite period as he is in his infancy, displaying his vigor by tugging at his chain and peering almost continually in the direction from which he hailed. But master fox, sly and cunning as he is, is not able to break the chain that Bro. Faustian has placed around him and his propensities for a wider range of country are gradually being destroyed. Ere long he will be accounted a domesticated curiosity.

PERSONALS.

The Rev. Wm. Berg, of Schereville, Ind., called on us during the latter part of the month.

Mr. Missler, of Winamac, father of students Albinus and Gerold C. P.P. S. accompanied by his brother spent a few days with us.

On the sixth we were agreeably surprised by a visit from one who, though far away, has not forgotten us—Father Edward C. P.P. S., of Sedalia.

The Rev. Christian Danz, of Dyer, Ind., visited the college the fore part of the month. We hope Father Danz will call on us frequently in the future.

Our esteemed friend Mr. H. W. Porter, accompanied by Mr. Curry, both of Rensselaer, spent a few hours with us on the 17th inst. Mr. Curry is a young lawyer to whom we wish success in all the intricacies of his profession.

Dr. Alva Mills, who has lately graduated from the Indiana Medical College, and located in Rensselaer, paid a visit to our college as soon as he had settled in the town. Dr. Mills is a thorough gentleman and the COLLEGIAN wishes him success in this, his new field of labor.

While visiting old friends and acquaintances of Rensselaer, Mrs. E. P. Hammond, accompanied by her daughter Miss Nina made a brief call at the college. Among the host of friends to whom we lay claim none are more welcome than Mrs. Hammond, and we are always glad to be able to show, in some measure, our appreciation of her many acts of kindness to us.

Those who favored us with their presence on Military Day were:

The Rev. F. C. Wiechmann of Gas City who gave the oration. Brig. Gen. J. W. Volpert of Peru, accompanied by his son Willie, Ass't Com. Volpert Zouaves; Revs. John Guendling of Lafayette, Ind., M. Zumebuelte, Hanover Centre, Ind., Jos. Kroll, Chesterton, Ind., John Berg, Remington, Ind., John Blum, Reynolds, Ind., Chas. Ganzner, Kentland, Ind., J. Baker, Alexandria, Ind., Geo. Schram, Ft. Wayne, Ind., Hilary Hoelscher, O. S. F., Angelus Hafertepe O. S. F. Lafayette, Ind., Dominick Schunk C. PP. S. Wanatah, Ind., M. Kenk C. PP. S. Chicago; Adolph Schott C. PP. S. Chicago, Lewis Hoefie, C. PP. S. Ft. Recovery, O., Geo. Hindelang C. PP. S. Cold Water, O., Martin Dentinger C. PP. S. Maria Stein, O., Jos. Sailer C. PP. S. McCartyville, O., Frederick Baumgartner C. PP. S. Sedalia, Mo., Messrs. Stephen Seifert, Victoria O., Phillip Frey, Maria Stein, O., F. J. Fralich, Tipton, Ind., Stephen Seimetz, A. Guibba, John Michael, Michigan City, Ind., Geo. Eder, Crown Point, Ind., Edgar Murphy, Tom Griffin, Lafayette, Ind., Geo. Wiezy, Reynolds, Ind., Leon Kohlmeir, Chicago, Fab-

ian Stamm, Cincinnati, O., Mrs. A. Zimmerman, Cincinnati, O.

Aloysian.

After a defeat of three games, the captain of the Victors has condescended to accept the name "Pants."

Mourice, Robert and Pete have made all necessary preparations for their homeward trip; they are anticipating a good time.

The Aloysians have decided to purchase medals which shall serve as the souvenirs of their early literary performances. How significant this token will be in future years!

On Sunday June 7 the minims will entertain the senior students with a literary program; the little Aloysians are in earnest about it and if they continue thus they will soon rival the Columbians. Columbians, be on your guard!

Father Bonaventure has now completed his series of communion instructions and on Sunday, May 31 Masters Joseph Cosh, George Diefenbach and Robert Peelle will receive First Holy Communion. We extend them our congratulations.

THE HOLIDAYS.

A time to which all the students looked forward with great longing and joy was military day, May, 21, 1896, and all the holidays which were to accompany it. This season is probably the most delightful time of the entire year for the students of St. Joseph's College.

After having spent our first free day in decorating we had to be ready to execute our military exercises prepared for military day. Having attended the oration of the day, which was so well delivered by Rev. Fred. Wiechman, the judges announced the result of the competitive drill, which was in favor of Co. A., or the Seifert Light Guards.

This closed the exercises for the afternoon, but the most pleasant part of the day's program was to take place in the evening in the College Auditorium. The drama entitled the "Last of the Naragansetts" was a very interesting and instructive play and all of the younger students enjoyed it very much.

This was not yet the end of the holidays. We all enjoyed free the following Monday on account of its being Pentecost Monday. This day was spent in many different amusements. Some were engaged in reading story books or newspapers, others enjoyed themselves in straying around in the green fields and meadows, and still others directed their steps toward the Iroquois and its surrounding forests and there amused themselves with fishing, or with the merry songs of the little birds, which have taken up their abode in the lofty trees, amidst the green waving leaves.

After having spent this pleasant little vacation, we started our studies anew with increased diligence.

GEO. AUG.
(Minim dept.)

HONORARY MENTION.

J. Abel, G. Aug., J. Betsner, W. Brinkman, J. Boeke, E. Byrne, J. Cogan, T. Conroy, J. Connelly, C. Class, F. Diefenbach, C. Didier, J. Dwenger, H. Dorval, L. Eberle, J. Engesser, J. Fitzpatrick, C. Frey, W. Hordeman, B. Heckman, F. Hess, F. Koch, J. Kohne, H. Kavelage, F. Kuenle, W. Laib, E. Mungovan, T. McLoughlin, H. Meighan, J. McNeil, R. Peelle, A. Riester, A. Roth, H. Reichert, W. Sullivan, F. Seroczynski, J. Steinbrunner, F. Schulien, J. Smith, T. Traviers, E. Vogel, J. Wechter, J. Wakefer, A. Wagner, I. Zircher.

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1:00 p. m.		97
9:00 p. m.		Adams St.

F. A. Palmer, Asst. G. P. A.
CHICAGO.